

LXI.
THE CENTENARY FESTIVAL OF ST. AGATHA,
AT CATANIA.

We glided slowly past the mola, and dropped across a few yards from the shore. There was a sort of open promenade planted with trees, in front of us, surrounded by white high houses, above which rose the dome of the Cathedral and the spires of other churches. The magnificent palace of Prince Biscari was on our right, and at its foot the Customs and Revenue officers. Every roof, portico and window was lined with lamps, a triumphal arch spanned the street before the palace, and the landing-place at the offices was festooned with crimson and white drapery, spangled with gold. While we were waiting permission to land, a scene presented itself which recalled the heathen days of Sicily to my mind. A procession came in sight from under the

Among the antiquities of Catania which I have visited, are the Amphitheater, capable of holding 15,000 persons, the old Greek Theater, the same in which Alibi made his noted harangue to the Catanians, the Odeon and the ancient Baths. The Theater, which is in tolerable preservation, is built of lava, like many of the modern edifices in the city. The Baths proved to me, what I had supposed, that the Oriental Bath of the present day is identical with that of the Ancients. Why so admirable an institution has never been introduced into Europe, (except in the *Bains* (*Amuse* of Paris), is more than I can tell. From the pavement of these baths, which is forty twenty feet below the surface of the earth, the lava, after eruptions has burst up in places, in hard black jets. The most wonderful token of that force which whirled Catania two hundred years ago, is to be seen at the Grand Benedictine Convent of San Nicola, in the upper part of the city. Here the stream of lava divides itself just before the Convent.

Secretary, our citizens assembled on Monday last at the Palace, to witness the ceremonies of inauguration in front of the Palace, where a spacious platform was erected for the occasion. Just as the ceremonies were about to commence, "What all were there, my countrymen?" the whole platform came down with a crash, tumbling Governor, Chief Justice, Secretary, Ministers, officials, and people into one promiscuous huddle, where all distinctions were for a moment lost in mutual embraces. We were about to become indignant with those who erected the platform as this was the second occurrence of the kind upon the same spot within a little more than a year, but I checked my indignation with the reflection that it had become fashionable now-a-days to construct *platforms* of very rotten material.

the age of the dead ; and then there went up a mournful voice from every house. " It must be that David

romantic mountain region of Massachusetts loves to listen to its praises. Next to a summer ramble over the Berkshire hills, is the

With this lovely scene beneath them, that a part of Hunter's party returned to Lenox in search of employment, could not refrain from expressing their admiration and shouting their admiration to the full extent of their lungs, in repeated exclamations of "beauty! beauty!"

We have entered Lenox by an unusual route. If the cars on the Housatonic railroad set you down at the depot, about two miles from the village, you will have to walk a mile and a half way up hill. The road for a part of the way is a delightful one, and the view from the summit of it is a pleasant exchange for the house number visible of the cars, and you become sensible of a purer and fresher breeze fanning your cheek as you ascend. The wild luxuriance of the scenery on all sides, the perfect stillness of the air, save when broken in upon by the chirping of birds, singing of the birds, and the rustle of the wind, all combine to give you a sense of freedom and of escape from the world.

The first part of Miss Sedgwick's literary career was spent in Stockbridge, the place of her birth. Many of the beautiful descriptions of scenery to be met with throughout her writings, are transcripts of impressions made upon her mind by the scenery among which her youthful imagination was nurtured in the lonely re-

If, however, on a closer inspection you observed a wreath of smoke curling up from the chimney of the house, the two gables, and had curiously enough the under part of the chimney in hope of a glimpse of the interior, until about 4 o'clock, you would finally see the door creak, and there would stand before you a smiling-zing-zed, thick-set man, with a large, vigorous head, and lying under a profusion of coarse, black hair, a host of massive development. There would be no particular feature in his countenance of especial heavity, except that he had a dark and intelligent eye, arched by a black brow, and a black beard, and a black mustache. To enable of the expression that it betokened an intense working and thorough going intellect. Were it not that the countenance is relieved and lightened by the vigor and intensity of mental activity, that beams through a